

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Dark Parks and Bashful Moon, Lovers Spoon

WASHINGTON.—At times Harry will be found with his head in Minnie's lap, with Minnie smoothing his damp brow and fanning him. Again, Frank and Florence may be more ardent, or the night may be cooler, and he will have his strong arm pressed protectively around her shoulders. In this arrangement Flo always rests her slightly tilted cheek on Frank's clean shirt just below the collar. Frank then has a blush coming to him when the boys ask him what happened to his shirt. Positions without number may be assumed by these spooning couples, some even preferring to walk along the shaded paths with their hands tightly clasped or their arms twined like ivy across each other's shoulders. A fortunate investigator has reported that he has discovered a couple, Sally, weighing nearly 210 and Archer, size, two and six-eighths, which invariably assumes the position of Sally-on-the-lap-of-Archer.

Taken as a whole this class of spooners is an interesting one for the curious. We have them, and the police have not rid us of them, so why not study them from a zoological or anthropological point of view? Specimens might even be secured and mounted. A new fad! Let's start it. Oh yes, stranger, those wide, cool, open green squares and triangles known as the parks of Washington are inhabited. In broad daylight we see nurses and tiny children enjoying the protecting shade, but at night—ah at night—we do not see the denizens of the park, who are enjoying the protecting darkness. How do we know there is any one there? We fall over them.

Can any one venture into Lafayette square or Franklin park or Lincoln park or any dark place provided with benches these summer evenings without feeling the presence of these amorous mortals who sit close together for coolness and utter such gentle foolishness as "Uzzy-wuzzy umpum-tweet-heart" for recreation? They are there and they are there to spoon. Be sure to "fall over them" for the results are most amusing.

It is hard to get a satisfying glimpse at some of them. Poor timid things, they fly far apart at the approach of a prowling squirrel and delude themselves into hoping that no one could ever guess that he had actually gotten so far as to put his arm around her. Others are more experienced, or more self-absorbed, and can be approached with safety by the investigator if he is careful not to chuckle aloud.

Says Capital Policemen Always Have Manners

OF COURSE, Pittsburgh may need a school of manners for her policemen as she does for some of her millionaires. Washington policemen have their manners before they get on the force.

Major Richard Sylvester smiled grimly as he read the dispatch from the Smoky city reciting the frantic attempts being made to civilize the police. Director of Public Safety C. S. Hubbard, the report said, is going to have classes where young cops will learn to be kind to dumb drinkers and ardent automobilists.

"How about a course like that here?" was suggested to the major. "Teach policemen to cut out the rough work with burglars and thugs and always speak gently to second-story workers."

The major pondered the idea for a moment. Then he branched off. "If we Washington policemen," said he, "were in the habit of maltreating citizens, this town would be in a furore inside of twenty-four hours. About every third person in Washington is a diplomatic attaché or a public official."

"Can you imagine what would happen in this city if the police force developed the habit of clubbing military attachés and chiefs of government bureaus?"

The interviewer passed the buck. "You see," continued the major, "policemen in Washington have civility preached them before they get on the force. I believe that Washington policemen have more tact than the police of any other city in the country. If they use too much force—get too free with their clubs—they quickly appear before the trial board."

"Reverting to Pittsburgh," said the interviewer, "don't you think it's hard to use moral suasion on a Lithuanian steel worker who has surrounded a quantity of vodka and bright ideas?"

"No more so," replied the major, "than it is to use moral suasion on some of Washington's slum element. Why there are places in this city where the policeman is a sort of unofficial arbitrator—where no one thinks of questioning his authority. And there are mighty rough characters with whom he has to deal."

When Little Boy Met the "Man of Importance"

A MAN of importance—you can always spot him by his "air"—was favoring the White House neighborhood with his stately tread when a small boy stopped him. He was such a tiny boy as to still be wearing white knits and a shiny red belt, and he talked with a baby lisp. In his outstretched hand lay a dead sparrow.

"Take him go—!" The child said it assertively as if the important man were his very own daddy—"I picked him up and he won't go. Make him fly—far—"

To be requested to make an exceedingly dead bird fly is too much to ask of any man of importance.

"Throw that thing back in the street. How do you suppose I can make it fly?" said the "Man of Importance."

"Wine him up. Wif a key—"

Perhaps he was an unfortunate man whose overimportance had hindered him from an acquaintance with little children and wound-up toys, for he merely flung the proposition aside and resumed his stately treading.

And perhaps—again—he would have been ashamed of himself if he had turned back and seen the tiny kid with the bird in his outstretched palm, and on his face the bewildered hurt at doubtless the first rebuff he had ever received in all the four years of his life.

It is not a particularly brilliant achievement to bring tears to a child's eyes even from a human point of view, but suppose—

Suppose it is really and practically true that—somewhere—the tears of the innocent are really counted against those who cause them to be shed!

Fishing for Pastime and an Incidental Income

FISHING is a pastime and an incidental income, or rather, outgo, with a large number of the people of Washington. Every traveler along the sides of the rocky reaches of the river above Washington has probably noted the signs "Bait for Sale," "Boats for Hire" and other signs put up for the benefit (perhaps) of prospective fishermen.

There is a little industry, though, at Georgetown to which the writer means to call attention. As the city cars outbound reach the intersection of Thirty-sixth and Prospect streets, or Thirty-sixth street and Prospect avenue, or, at any rate, the point where soft drink signs are posted all over the old Southworth cottage, many small boys tempt passengers with masses of wriggling worms. These boys in piping tones are saying, "Fish worms," or "Feesh worms." They have their merchandise in a battered tin can and they hold it so that the mass of squirming worms wriggles partly in the can and partly in one of the hands of the boy. He is displaying his wares, and he wants to prove to you that the worms have plenty of wriggle in them. He has a tangle of knot of them in one hand and he pleads with you to buy them. For five or ten cents he will let you have enough of them to feed all the fish that dally with your hooks. It may be that the fish esteem these worms; that they look on them as delicate morsels, and that their appetite is piqued and tempted by them; but there is no accounting for tastes.

Many fishermen pause at this transfer point to buy bait from the boys, and quite a thriving trade has been built up. The boys dig these earth worms in the shady, moist places along the banks of the canal and along the river shore, and with a good catch of worms the boys reap a harvest of sickles and dimes.

HER CROWNING GLORY

By MARGARITA WILLOUGHBY

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Dorothea was very happy in the first weeks of her engagement, happy in the serenely unconscious way of the newly betrothed. I scarcely understood why in this case, for marriage to the Puritan could be nothing but a marriage of convenience—that is, convenience as far as his wealth was concerned, inconvenience when it came to his piety.

Perhaps the trousseau was the source of her beatitude, for Dorothea is an artist in regard to clothes and loves them with an artist's fervor. And an artist's fervor was put into that trousseau!

In the midst of these splendid preparations came Aunt Nan's sickness, and Dorothea was called South.

The Puritan chafed somewhat at the sudden postponement, but she should not have been deferred, even had it been that she loved instead of his imposing bank-account.

During the months of Dorothea's absence I knew very little of her, for her letters were mere telegraphic notices of Aunt Nan's condition, but the moment she stepped off the train on her return I noticed a change. It was quite evident she had met "some one" else, and I knew indeed it was "some one."

The happy dream-look in the eyes and the little smile about the mouth were replaced by a world-worn and cynical expression, and I discovered as we drove along home that she was unusually taciturn.

"You left Aunt Nan quite well?" "Quite." Oh, the frigid finality of that tone! It said as plain as print: "Leave me to my meditations—conversation is too trivial."

"The Puritan will be very happy to see you again—he is out of town just now."

"Yes?" "When we were cozy at tea that evening, with a merry grate-fire and the warmth of red roses from the Puritan, Dorothea grew a little more talkative."

"Dorothea, your seclusion and Aunt Nan's follies have got on your nerves. You are not well," I said.

"No—I am quite well—I think I must be tired. If you don't mind, I will go up now and unpack. No, I don't need any help."

She rose listlessly and walked to the stairs; half-way up she paused and leaned over the rail. "No, I'm not sick," she said; "I'm just bored."

She swept on up, and I went back to the fire. "Is there really another man in the case?" I pondered as I picked up my book, "and can he keep Dorothea in shoestrings?"

Next morning she still wore her tragic air.

At breakfast, Katie, the maid, entered the dining room precipitately after answering a ring at the door—she held a yellow envelope at arm's length and the tears were standing in her eyes.

"I hope it's not so bad, Miss Dorothy, dear," she said, thrusting it at Dorothea.

Dorothea lazily tore open the envelope, read the message and sighed, then handed it over to me.

"No one is dead, Katie," she said. And Katie went back to the kitchen, quite comforted.

The message read:

"Home tomorrow. Shall have pleasure of escorting you to church."

"F. Van Doort."

F. Van Doort, of course, is "the Puritan."

Dorothea did not show any signs of enthusiasm, and I did not have the courage to make any remarks—so the meal drifted on. Once I looked up from my plate and found Dorothea looking out the window with the most mischievously amused expression I have ever seen any one wear. Then she arose, still with the smile in her eyes and the little upturn at the corners of the lips, and said: "I am going to town as soon as possible."

She went to town and came back with a few small packages, but said nothing in regard to their contents. The next morning I knew.

It was ten when the Puritan's trap dashed up to the gate. From my open door I heard Katie admit him, heard Dorothea come downstairs, and heard—a most unusual conversation.

She—Good morning, Frederic. He—Good morning, my dear Dorothea; it is good to have you back again.

She—Thank you—it seems years. He—What have you done to yourself, Dorothea? Your hair presents a most unusual appearance.

She—Oh, that! Do you like it? It's the same old hair you've always seen, only—I've done it a bit differently, that's all. It's just pinned on—you know.

He—And Dorothea! Is it powder on your nose? Really, Dorothea, I never imagined—I loathe the powder, Dorothea—it is like cheap flattery, and it is such a palpable lie!

"You are right. I had not thought of it just so. Your wife must not powder her nose. But really I have to, you know, to make it match the rest of my complexion. Give your powderless lady this with my best wishes."

"Dorothea! Your ring! I did not mean—"

"Take it!" I felt sure he took it, because you have to do what Dorothea tells you.

"You will always be glad of my discovery—about my nose," she added. The Puritan got away somehow, after remarks which were quite incoherent, but I heard Dorothea say "Good-by!" in a very cheerful and friendly voice.

In a few minutes I went into the hall, where I found her standing in front of the grate-fire, smiling meditatively as one by one she unspined little bunches of curls, undulating "puffs," and a fat braid, and dropped them into the fire.

"See transit gloria—" I began.

COMBINES MANY GOOD FEATURES

Modest Dwelling in Which All the Modern Ideas of Comfort Are Incorporated.

PANTRY IN PROPER POSITION

For Purposes for Which it is Intended Apartment Should Be, as it is in This Case, Placed on the Outside of the House—Means Saving of Labor.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

The expression, a "two-story bungalow"—which we often hear—is a misnomer. Properly speaking, a bungalow is but one story high, and is covered with a roof having very little pitch to it. But we are always improving things. It would be utterly impossible for the bungalow to travel across the continent from California as far east as Chicago without receiving the inventive attentions of the western sons of our "Down-East" Yankee ancestors.

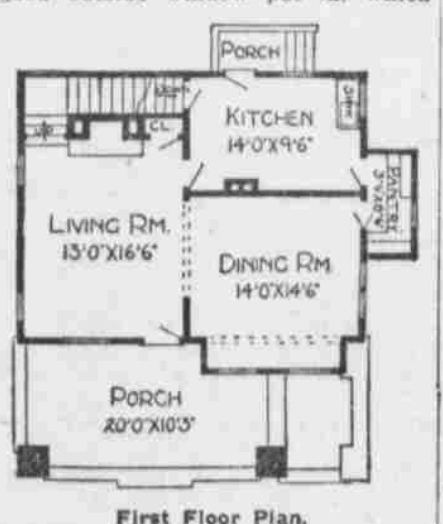
In this plan we have a dwelling of modest dimensions, being 25 feet from front to rear, and 32 feet in width, with a four-foot extension to make a room for a pantry. In this way we get three splendid rooms on the first floor, and they are well arranged for both convenience and looks.

Pantries were never properly built until this outside attachment was hit upon. It was born of necessity, like many other valuable inventions, and was improved upon as occasion demanded. Pantries are intended for the storage of food, both cooked and otherwise. Naturally, pantries should be kept as cool as possible, and they should be well ventilated at all times. Light is a necessity, and convenience is very important, for the pantry is



visited many times during the preparation of each meal, and meals come along regularly three times a day in most healthy families. You can't have a cool pantry, and have it built in the body of the house along with the other rooms, especially in a furnace-heated house.

In one little house where a pantry attachment like this was built on, the space below was made into a cold-storage room. The main cellar wall was carried across solid and straight, except for a doorway; and a good, heavy door was hung in the opening. The outside wall under the pantry was carried up in the same solid way, and a good outside window put in, which



First Floor Plan.

was covered with a fine wire screen. Shelves were built in this fruit room against the outside wall, from near the cement floor clear up to the ceiling. As the room is eight feet six inches long this gave considerable shelf room; and it proved a splendid place to store canned fruit, butter, eggs, and such groceries as a person likes to buy in quantities and keep on hand.

The fruit room and the pantry above were connected by means of a dumb-waiter, which has just a box about a foot square and three feet long, vertically open on the front side, and fitted with two shelves in the middle. There was a pulley near the ceiling in the pantry, and a rope with a counterweight on the "other" end, which balanced the box so that it would slide easily up and down. With this convenience it was never necessary to tote things up or down cellar. Only one trip below was necessary at any meal time. Very often the box itself contained everything needed, and it was only a minute's work to pull it up into the pantry.

Another feature in this little house, that is quite new, is the stairway built around the big chimney. It not only looks well from the large living room, but it occupies the least important corner of the house; and it lands you upstairs in the middle of the hall, in close proximity to the doors leading into the different rooms. Under this stair are the steps leading to the cellar.

"A man told me today that there is as much nourishment in a nickel's worth of peanuts as there is in a pound of steak," said the old fogey.

"Who was he? A scientist?" asked the wise guy.

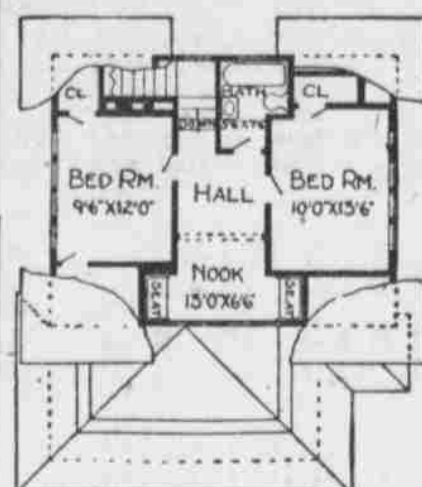
"No," replied the old fogey. "He was a peanut merchant."

lar, so that space is economized to the best advantage.

The material for the walls is concrete, preferably run in molds with provision made for dead air spaces, on the hollow wall principle, as this makes the warmest house because it prevents dampness. And it is the cheapest construction if you take lasting qualities into consideration.

A massive effect is given by the heavy loggia piers. And this loggia, by the way, is considered one of the most attractive parts of the whole house. The square openings are easily fitted with fly screens, so it is adapted for an outdoor summer parlor; and the size is sufficient to be of some use, as it is 10 feet wide and 20 feet long.

The rooms upstairs are stolen from the roof space. And they are right nice little rooms, too. When I think back a few years to the time when all such room room was counted as attic space, good only for storage of



Second Floor Plan.

old truck, it is easy to realize to what extent small houses have been improved. Instead of a dark, dingy loft, without floor, partition, or daylight, we now have three bedrooms and a splendid bathroom with hot and cold water, the same as in large, expensive houses.

Then, in the matter of light, what a change! We have here 14 windows for four rooms and one stairway—which certainly looks like a liberal allowance, even for these times of extravagant ideas.

It has taken us a long time to learn that we can build an elegant small house as well as an elegant large house, and we are just commencing to put our knowledge to some practical use. Such cottages as this are becoming common in the more enter-



prising suburbs of the larger cities; and the indications are that they will continue to grow in popularity, for they meet the requirements of flat dwellers who have become heartily sick of living in dungeons.

The estimated cost of this homelike place is \$2,500.

The Mentally Defective.

In a recent contribution to the Illinois Medical Journal H. H. Goddard calls attention to the prevalence of feeble-mindedness and says: "The importance of this problem is recognized in an instant when we learn that at the very lowest estimate 25 per cent of our criminals belong to this class. Perhaps 50 per cent of our prostitutes are feeble-minded girls; the same is true of our paupers, our drunks, our ne'er-do-wells; in fact, we now recognize that a large percentage of the various classes of people who make our social problems are mentally defective. Twenty-five per cent is a minimum estimate, while it has been shown that in all probability 50 per cent is much nearer the truth, and it may run even higher. A superintendent of one reformatory for men estimates that 75 per cent of his inmates are feeble-minded; careful tests of the girls in a reform school have shown 72 per cent feeble-minded. In fact, wherever there are any statistics it invariably points to the higher figure."

How Parnell Left the World.

Among the curious characteristics of Parnell as a leading statesman was his capacity for avoiding publicity. It is not only that he disappeared for weeks and months. But he evidently achieved the habit in early years of cutting himself off at will from the outside world. At the first meeting with Mrs. O'Shea in Palace Yard he confessed that he had not answered her invitation to dinner because "he had not opened his letters for days."

There are probably men who, like myself have achieved the art of now and then cutting off communications. Telephones, telegrams, letters will pour in upon you if you let them. But I recommend the Parnellite method. When you have something else to do ignore the telephone bell, leave your letters unopened and even when the telegraph boy comes up with his buff envelope say there is "no answer." I have often left a telegram unopened till I've done the day's work and had a night's sleep!—London Chronicle.

An Authority.

"A man told me today that there is as much nourishment in a nickel's worth of peanuts as there is in a pound of steak," said the old fogey.

"Who was he? A scientist?" asked the wise guy.

"No," replied the old fogey. "He was a peanut merchant."

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

LESSON FOR JULY 19

BLIND BARTIMAEUS.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Mark 10:46-52.

The blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert."—Isa. 35: 4.

On our Lord's journey "towards Jerusalem," the place of sacrifice, a place of power was sought by his disciples, Mark 10:37. This lesson is an illustration given to those who accompanied Jesus how they too may reach a place of power, viz., through service and sacrifice.

Matthew 20:20-34 tells us that there were two who made the appeal, but Mark seems to have thought that Bartimaeus was worthy of special mention. The healing mentioned by Luke 18:35 suggests that in that case it occurred as Jesus was entering and not leaving Jericho. Mark is telling of one man, Luke of another.

Man's Nature.

I. Bartimaeus Begging, vv. 46-48. The passing throng rebuked the beggar. Very likely the disciples joined in this rebuke. This certainly shows the fact that none of them fully comprehended the Lord's teaching as suggested in Mark 10:45. Bartimaeus is an illustration of man by nature. His home, Jericho, was the city under "a curse" (Josh 6:17), and is a type of this world cursed by sin. He was blind, see II Cor. 4:4; Rev. 3:17. His rage suggest Isa. 64:6 and Phil. 3:9. If the rebuke was mainly by the disciples it was that they might save the master during these strange days. Great and marvelous were the works and teachings he was performing, but these were the things that called forth such a wayward service. It was a glad message to Bartimaeus, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." There was no one else who could help him. Some one had told him of the power of Jesus. Now his opportunity is at hand, he must not miss it. Jesus never passed that way again. Bartimaeus began by crying out, Rom. 10:13; he called while Christ was near enough, to hear, Isa. 55:6. His cry was that of conscious need, it was direct, it was insistent. He called Jesus "Son of David" e. g., the Messiah, although the people had said "Jesus of Nazareth," see Matt. 9:27; 15:21, 22. His cry for "mercy" is rebuked. Many today are so stiff and formal as to frown upon any religious enthusiasm or earnestness. It was not beneath the dignity of Jesus to be disturbed by a blind beggar. Though poor in purse Bartimaeus was rich in faith for he answered those who rebuked him by crying "the more a great deal." He would not be put off.

II. Bartimaeus Blessed, vv. 49-52. His command "call ye him" is indicative of the conscious power of Christ. Notice his great interest as suggested by the words, "Jesus stood still." Remember his important mission to Jerusalem and the leaders of the people who occupied his time; yet he does not compel Bartimaeus to follow after, nor to overtake him ere his prayer is answered, see Matt. 11:28. This was good news for the disciples to proclaim, Matt. 28:19, 20. There was no indecision on the part of Bartimaeus. Casting his garment aside he sprang up, came and cast himself at the feet of Jesus. Although Jesus possessed all power still his manifestation was confined to the desire of the beggar. We have no suggestion of any further controversy after the command to call Bartimaeus. No further objections or speculations are raised. He simply "came to Jesus." The garment he threw aside would have impeded his progress, Isa. 53:7; 64:6; Heb. 12:2. Before the cry has been for mercy, now it is for sight. This he received in response to his faith. "Thy faith hath saved thee," R. V. Notice he is saved (v. 52) "made whole," before he received his sight. Society will be saved only as individuals are first "made whole." Our Lord's response was to the cry of need and the acknowledgment of his Messianic office.

The Teaching: First, the readiness of God's mercy. Jesus had been rejected by rulers and councils and is moving "steadfastly" toward the consummation of his earthly career. That journey led him through Jericho, perhaps that he might meet Bartimaeus. At Jerusalem he is to pronounce sentence upon the rebellion of his people. Nevertheless when one of that same people called him by the title that suggested his Messiahship, "Son of David," he immediately turned aside in response thereto, Heb. 3:2. God never destroys the righteous with the wicked or the repentant with the rebellious. His ear is ever open to the faintest cry.

Second, the failure of men to apprehend this fact. There are many today as successors of those who rebuked Bartimaeus. Some who hold him in reverence and yet fail to apprehend adequately that he came to "seek and to save the lost." There is no consideration of policy or of expediency, no question of method, nor the importance of rank, that can stand in the way of opening blind eyes, and answering the cry of the beggar.

Third, the nature of saving faith. The answer of relief from the Lord comes in response to the profound conviction of personal need. "He came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." There is nothing in that call to make any definite appeal to the righteous. A blind man, through someone's testimony hears that he is near and cries out to him from the depths of his need. But there must be also a recognition of power. Bartimaeus had no assurance until he had made his appeal; he took a chance as it were. He was not assured until his eyes were opened.

Must Work to You will find along the line of p. be relays of nev stopping-places. work with ene achieve success. success will surv forts.

Why don't we go on? Marjorie leaned forward. It was too dark to see the the broadening pathway thrown out by the car's la ahead of them. She b asleep when the shock had been no noise at pain, nothing but al stopping of the car of Neri.

"What is it?" "From the side of t Neri's voice, soothing as his own Palermese diale. "Some one has been h

We very nearly ran ove stopped in time. He is stabbed, a little below the "Oh, Neri, and we're m town. Can you lift him i me?"

"Signorita, he is very l There are lights on the mot der. Let me go for help."

"And perhaps find the v who stabbed him. "No," Marjorie. "I hate your Sicil borliness. Lift him in, and I over on this side. How far is

"Too far for tonight. He v live. There is a castle on the side of this mountain. The R family live there. We might i help there. A village lies possibly a surgeon and a rest will need both before mornin."

"Oh, be cheerful, Neri, please. quite dreadful enough without bur him already. Can I help you?"

She leaned forward, but Neri lifted the man in his arm brought him to the tonneau. unconscious. As Neri prop back on the seat, Marjorie s young, and no peasant type rolled along at top speed, rise of the road easily wi

"The castle, signorita, back over his shoulder. Marjorie saw a lonely m ary, clustering piles arou tower.

Neri stopped before a Above it hung a lantern or repeated pulling at a fastened to a bell rope at door opened, and an old i out anxiously. Neri spe him, and he took down hold it before the uncon

"Santa Maria!" he gasp did you find him?" "Don't ask questions," claimed. "Get some bu been stabbed. Car"

Marjorie waited. figure swathed in a coat and gray veil, the limp form into th yard. She followed a called an epaulet, him on a couch, and low tones with the o

"What is it, Neri? tress impatiently. him?" "Know him? Sign the fortune to rescu Rascalloni! He has central roaming ba threatened. He v we had not happ chessa, his moth-

"I know all about jorie smiled in a t all her own. Delit the couch and loo there. She had be the marchesa for parke had talked marchesa and her since they had le

"He says it is return tonight," e haps if you wou marchesa, signori trip, and relieve

"I think I will swered.

The following conveyed by Lad at the old castle garden.

Bradshaw stop flowering vines o at her. She sat b ing forward and ta lap was filled wit tucked a dark red like a Sicilian girl, mate, lay on the m

"You saved my life was saying. "It lies in signorita, like your rose as you please."

Marjorie raised the rose and smiled down at him. "You are to stay here as for awhile, did you know added.

"I know. I told Neri la tell dad I wanted to st "And all the rest is right of the gods. They're thing that interests me."

He reached for both i petuously, but Marjorie the roses fall.